was misappropriated but the naked right to print and publish a composition to which enormous pub-licity had been given by prompt copies and repre-sentation in fifty theaters at least. Therefore, this American court, a centr of very high authority, has gone with good Lord Mansfield and other great law-rers and swept the very mainstay of Judge Yates's sophistry away forever.

sophistry away forever.

FORFEITURE OR NON-FORFEITURE BY PUBLICATION.

This narrows the question to forfeiture or non-forfeiture by publication of copyright at common law.

Now, this soi-disant forfeiture Queen Anne's Parliament treat in the preamble or historical prelude, as a malpractice, a violation of property; they say it is unjust, evuel, and neve; which is pre-statutory evidence in the statute itself. Yates gives Queen Anne's Parliament the lie, and undertakes to prove out of the depths of his inner consciousness that this malpractice was at that very moment when Parliament tienounced it—and prepared, in imitation of preceding acts, to punish it as a misdemeanor—just reasonable, and old. Having set this very Parliament above the Creator, he now sets it below Yates. However, his argument runs thus: He says that we authors put forward ideas and sentiments as the direct object of property at common law in old times, and insult common sense and justice in pretending that we could publish our ideas, yet reserve the right of printing those ideas for publication. This is plausible, and paves the way for his remantic phrases, that have intexicated ordinary minds, such as "the act of publication, when voluntarily done by the author himself, is virtually and necessarily a gift to the public." Then handling it no longer as a donation, but under the head of implied contracts, which is a much sounder view of the author's sale to the public purchaser, he says, neatly enough, the seller delivers it without restriction, and the buyer receives it without stipulation. Then he jumps to this droll inference: "Nothing less than legislative power can restrain the use of anything." This, however, is a purely chimerical distinction; the common law was founded partly on Royal Statutes, largely conceived, and resembling maxims; and limited uses are not aitogether unknown to it; every river is a highway, over which the public can lead its cow across a Freeholder's field, gives no right to graze her upon the path; and, if I let the PORFEITURE OR NON-PORFEITURE BY PUBLICATION.

But this is our direct reply—for the multiplying power of the press is so unique, it excludes all close comparisons—so far from claiming a property in ideas, that is the very thing the holders of Copyright at common-law did not claim. That is the claim of the Patentees alone, as I shall show in the proper

Place.
So far from ideas becoming incorporeal after publication, &c., which statement of Yates is a "galimatias," and an idiotic confusion, ideas are incorporeal only at a period long antecedent to publication, viz., while they lie in the author's mind. AN AUTHOR'S LABOR.

Attention !- An author connects his ideas with matteronce, and forever, when he embodies them in a labored sequence of words marked by his hand on paper. These written words are matter, by collocation, labored sequence, and the physical strokes of a pen with a black unguent; matter, as distinct from the paper as gas is from the pipe, and, though they convey mental ideas, the written words themselves are not so fine a material as gas, which yet is measured and sold by the foot. The phrase intellectual labor" is an equivoque and a mare that has deluded ten thousand minds. It applies somewhat loosely to study; but productive labor is only an author's one species of skilled labor, it is physical plus intellectual labor, and those compositions, which led to mmon-law rights, were the result of long, keen labor, intellectual and physical, proved to be physical by the vast time occupied-whereas thought is instantaneous-and by shortening the life of the author's body, through its effects on the blood-vessels of the brain, which are a part not of the mind, but of the body. The said vessels get worn by an author's productive labor, and give way. This, even in our short experience, has killed Dickens, Thackeray, and perhaps Lytton. The short life of authors in general is established by statistics. See Neison's Vital Statistics.

The words are the material rehicle of the ideas; the paper is the material vehicle of the words.

The author has, by admission of Yates, the sole right to do as follows, and does it : He takes the words, which are the vehicle of his ideas, to the printing compositor, and the compositor takes printed letters identical with the author's, though differing a little in shape ; but that is a mere incident of the day; in the infancy of printing they were identical in shape, only worse formed; he sets the letters in forms, and passes them to the pressen. For this the compositor charges, say £28. men. For this the compositor charge, with the pressmen, and not with the compositor, who is a copyist for the Press, begins the Press. Now comes the mechanical miraole, that made Copyright necessary and inovitable; the Press can apply different sheets to the same metal letters conveying the composition; thus a thousand different paper volumes are created in which the letters and the author's composition are one, but the volumes of paper a thousand. The volumes are now ready, but not issued: and I beg particular attention to the author's admitted position at common law one moment before publication. He has still, by law (Yates assenting) the sole right to print and publish; he has created, for sale, a thousand volumes, under an exclusive legal right to sand volumes, under an exclusive legal right to greate volumes for sale: he has added to his original legal right three equities. 1st, "priority of printing," which is nothing against a legal title, but something against a rhapsodical title; 2d, the peculiar expense of setting up type from written words; 3d, occupancy; and the equilable right to sell again the thousand volumes, a large material property created under an exclusive legal title founded on morality and universal law, and conceded by Judge Yates. For the force of occupancy added to title, see Law, passim; and for the force of the above special Equity, see "Sweet agt, Cator."

Well, the man in passession of the legal right, and also of the additional equities, and also of the material volumes, now does a proper and rational act, by which the public profits confessedly, an act such as no man was ever lawfully punished for; he publishes, or sets in circulation, his one composition contained in many paper vehicles. He sells each volnme say for six shillings to the trade, eight shillings to the public reader. What he intends to sell to the public reader for eight shillings is, paper and binding two shillings, printers' work sixpence, useful or entertaining knowledge, alias his own labor, four shillings, the right of using the ideas in many ways, of even plagiarizing and printang them reworded, and also the right of selling again the very thing the purchaser bought -the one material volume with its mental contents. Prima facte the contract so understood, is not an Primi facte the contract so understood, is not an unjust one to the buyer nor an extortionate one for the seller. His profit, on these terms, does not approach the retail trader's, who, in practice, is the seller to the public, yet forfeits nothing by the sale. Now, it is a maxim of the common law that, where two interpretations of a contract, express or implied, are possible, one that gives no great advantage to either party, and the other that gives a monstrous advantage to one party, the fairer interpretation is to be preferred, since men, meeting in business, are presumed by the one party, the fairer interpretation is to be preferred, since men, meeting in business, are presumed by the law to exchange equivalents; and this rule, established by cases, applies especially where a whole class of contracts is to be interpreted. Flease observe the ground I am upon, viz., of implied contracts, was selected by Yates; and I ask which interpretation, Yates's or ours, agrees with the undisputed commonlaw doctrine of equivalents?

The purchase of books is a lottery; but there are a host of prizes. Lord Bacca's works gave the pub-

The purchase of books is a lottery; but there are host of prizes. Lord Bacoa's works gave the public purchaser a great deal more than a thousand milion pounds' worth of knowledge and power; yet he made no extra charge to justify a claim on his copyright founded on purchase of his volumes. The great books balance the little; and the buyer has the choice. Col. Gardener was converted in an afternoon, from vicious courses, not by a vision, but a duodecime; and that is a fact attested by Jupiter Carlyle.—I didn't find it in my intestines, where Yates looks for facts. Many men about the very time of "Millar agt. Taylor," ascribed the salvation of their souls to a copy of Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," If a pupil of Yates, before purchase of Doddridge, that would be a great improvement in a reader's prospects—for Sa. Besides, after be has been converted from Yates's reading of the 8th of Anne to Doddridge's reading of the 8th of Moses, and his soul savad, etc., he can lend, or sell, the volume. Then why pillage Doddridge for uny stessing him, and saving his soul dirt cheap? Find the the party to any other contract who can eat his cake yet sell it afterward. like the honest puryatesing him, and saving his soul dirt careap ine the party to any other contract who can eat his cake, yet sell it afterward, like the honest pur-chaser of a good volume.

BAD MORALITY OF JUDGE YATES'S DECISION. Now look equally close into the other reading of the contract, Fur Publicola, the purely modern sharacter whom Judge Yates would father upon au-

tiquity, is, in reality, not a chosen representative of the public, but of a clique much smaller than the pickpockets. What he does is as follows: He buys, one volume at the trade price, 6s., and not the public price, and then takes it to a compositor, who charges him say £22. He saves the odd £6 by a viclation of Equity, and, even at the compositor's desk, he reaps what he has not sown. Then he goes to the pressmen, and they wed new and distinct paper vehicles to the one set of letters conveying the author's composition. He pays a full equivalent for all the vehicles, and none for the more valuable composition. He pays a full equivalent for all the vehicles, and none for the more valuable composition. He will be succeed the save of the composition of the pays a full equivalent for all the vehicles, and all the vehicles and one for the more valuable composition. He may be succeed the save of a horse, steals him, and then honestly buys a gig and harness, and deals with the lot, and calls himself an honest trader. He undersells the breeder of the horse, because trade is competition, and stealing is a deal cheaper than breeding. To drop metaphors, he is not, like the author or his assignee, out of pocket say £300 by so many hours labor and loss of time. His one copy is all he paut for, and it cost much less than the author's writing paper, and he cannot be robbed of that one copy. The true character of the transaction appears: 1st, by the new claimant underselling; 2d, by his paying the compositors' labor and the pressmen's 3d, by his buying the paper and the binding; 4th, by his taking gratis the right to wed the composition to the vehicles, and sell not the ideas merely—he is welcome to them—but the very material sequence efforts to the composition of the composition to the vehicles and sell not the ideas merely—he is welcome to them—but the very material sequence efforts to the paper and the composition to the vehicles and sell not the ideas merely—he is welcome to them—but the very material sequence efforts th deal cheaper than breeding. To drop metaphors, he is not, like the author or his assignce, out of pocket say £300 by so many hours' labor and loss of time. His one copy is all he paid for, and it cost much less than the author's writing paper, and he cannot be robbed of that one copy. The true character of the transaction appears: ist, by the new claimant underselling; 2d, by his paying the compositors' labor and the pressmen's; 3d, by his buying the paper and the binding; 4th, by his taking gratis the right to wed the composition to the vehicles, and sell not the ideas merely—he is welcome to them—but the very material sequence of words that conveys certain ideas, and is of more commercial value than all the vehicles put together, each of which vehicles he pays for. By taking that valuable right gratis he comes into legal collision with the author, who is in possession of the sole right to do that thing, unless outlawed on the spot for having lawfully done it.

New Yates concludes, out of the depths of his inner consciousness, that an author is, and always was, a dog, and the public purchaser a man; so he infers, naturally enough from that assumption, that our forefathers saw nothing but the claim of the one man concerned. But I am not out of my senses; and they tell me that an author is not a dog, but a man, and the man in possession, a great matter in law, one of whose maxims is: In aquali jure melior est conditis possidentis.

EAW AND CONFLICTING TITLES.

Forego the blind assumption, contradicted by our

Forego the blind assumption, contradicted by our senses, that an author is a dog, and see how Law deals with aqualia jura or conflicting titles between man and man. A has often a good title; but Ba better, and Law constantly balances, aye, and with France, and the United States refuse to protect the great nicety, respectable titles; and prefers, not the weaker, as Yates proposes, but the stronger. It is speculating against common sense and rating the common ancestors of Americans and English too much below their French cotemporaries to assume that they could not have done as just a thing as Frenchmen did, and Queen Anne's Parliament approved, could not have balanced these two titles and preferred the elder legal title, solidified by occupancy, in a land where law both abhors divestiture and reads implied contracts as exchanges of equivalents. On the contrary, my reading and observation show me that our ancestors of the common law did hold a balance between the author's precedent title plus possession, and the just and large liberty acquired by the public purchaser; and did not underrate either conflicting claim. I find in old times the word "copyright," and I find no such words as "a property in ideas," and no such thing, except in a patentee. I find that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the publie purchaser of a volume could take whole chapters verbatim, and the whole sition by rewording it. Or he could take all the salient ideas, and half the words and print them in an abridgement. In France, where copyright at law is admitted. Stephanus had no remedy, under the common law, against Scapulla for this, though it rained him, and killed him. The no remedy, under the common law, against stapina for this, though it rained bim, and killed him. The Euglish reader could abridge, adapt, translate, reword, turn another man's story into a play, and print the play, etc., etc. I can find no property in bare ideas. But I do find that our forefathers were not out of their senses. They had eyes; they saw that taking the author's very words, and also his title, and also his reputation, crushed not his incorporeal rights alone, but a wagon-load of material property lawfully created by the original proprietor, or his assignce, under his sole title to print. This struck them as a violation of Title plus Occupancy. In Elizabeth's day, the Duke of Queensbury, whose grandfather multiplied copies, and left them kicking about in other hands for 80 years, and did not publich kinself, would most likely have been adjudged to have abradoned his copyright for want of that very use and occupancy, which Yates pretends operated of old as forfeiture. So wide is this illiterate ass from all received common-law examples of property made common, and from the true mind of antiquity.

COMMON LAW EQUITY. Common law equity is of every age; and a fair key to the antique mind is supplied by a modern "Sweet agt, Cator," Sugden sold to Sweet the right to create and publish an edition of a thousand volumes, "Sugden on Powers." After a time, and not a very short time, he sold a similar right to breaking. "Whatever," he said, "may be the result of lator. Sweet moved the court to restrain Cator. Act; for Cator was Sugden, who had retained his Copyright. The Judge talked loose, inaccurate language, but he went in principle where alone the remedy lay, out of the Copyright Acts, into law of implied contract. Sugden had sold Sweet the right to print and sell an edition. But now, by exercising his undoubted stautory right, he barred Sweet's sale of some of the volumes created in good faith The Court restrained Cator. Thus the common law of contracts, which is the law Yates has himself anpealed to, overpowered the Copyright Act in a copyright case; and the very same equity, founded on common law, barred divestiture of copyright by publication in old times. That equity influenced our forefathers through their senses. Just men, who respect the law, personify it. Law, in their view, is a just man. This personify it. Law, in their view, is a just man. This just man gave the author, or his assignce, the sole right to print and publish a thousand volumes; if, the moment he tried to sell, this just man, called the law, had robbed the author of his sole right, this just man would have been perificious and cruel. What! encourage a man to print, by admitting his sole right, and then rob him of his power to sell the volumes, as well as of his sole right to print? This would have been a worse wrong than Sweet's; for he was not printed on for months. Now Yates would launch his sham antique Pirate or Fur-Publicola the moment after publication. Not one word of all this is offered to prove that copyright at common law existed in printed books; but only to show how wines to is the method of the schoolmen, and how wide of the mark the arrogant sophist at common law existed in prince, to show how unsafe is the method of the schoolmen, and how wide of the mark the arrogant sophist goes who defies my Lord Bacon, and reasons a priori about a simple historical fact that can only be settled by evidence when all is done.

CHARLES READE.

London, Aug. 7, 1875.

DRAMATIC COPYRIGHT.

MR. DALYS BUSINESS MANAGER BECOMES SAR CASTICAL IN RE ROSE MICHEL.
To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Perhaps it would be a very good thing to have a dramatic critic who should be not only a judge of theatrical art, but of law and equity. Such a critic might decide in a single article, not only whether a play were good, but who ewned it and who held the copyright. He might inform the public in the same criticism whether an actor played well, whether his salary ought to be paid on Saturday or Tuesday, and whether he was fairly fined for tardiness at rehearsals. Managers could refer to him all their difficulties and disputes, great and small, without the expense and delays of the law. The position of this combined critic and judge would be one of great

honor to himself and profit to the profession. Your own dramatic critic evidently aspires to fill some such office as that which I have described, for he never mentions the Fifth Avenue Theater of late without giving judgment in re "Rose Michel." In to-day's paper, tacked on to a notice of the Vokes Family, appears the following judicial decision: "The question of Mr. Duly's right to bring out 'Rose Michel,' the French drama which Messrs, Shook & Paimer of the Union Square Theater have purchased from the author, and which they maintain that they can legally hold, is to be tested at law. The equity of the case is evident. Mr. Daly has no right to the play." If your dramatic critic's position as a judge in equity were only generally recognized, what a desi of time, trouble, and money this judgment would save! "The equity of the case is evident—Mr. Daly has no right to the play." That settles it. The lawyers will

please pack up their papers and clear the court!

Far be it from me, who have known and loved him so Far be it from me, who have known and loved him so long, to deny that your critic has every possible qualification for the position he desires; but perhaps you will pardon me for reminding him that he really ought to hear both sides of a case before giving judgment. He knows all about Messrs Shook & Palmer's side. They say that they have bought from a French author the American right to his play—in other words, they have bought something which the French author did not possess, and which, consequently, he could not sail. Upon this pseudo purchase they base their claim to an English vorsion of the French play—a sizing which not sold have

been just as good, in law, if they had never bought the French play. Then they go about threatening that they

Fifth Avenue Theater, Aug. 17, 1875.

[The managers of the Union Square Theater, as we gather from printed and published evidence, have bought from the French author, M. Ernest Blum, the French dran a of "Rose Michel;" and they have announced their intention to produce it at their theater. The manager of the Fifth Avenue Theater has given notice of his design to present the same play; and we receive the information that litigation is to ensue between these parties as to this subject. Upon this state of facts-and not caring the toss of a copper whether "Rose Michel" is produced at the Union Square, or the Fifth Avenue, or at both, or not at all,-we have expressed the opinion that Mr. Daly has no right, in equity-whatever right he may have at law-to use the drama that Messrs. Shook & Palmer have bought. As long as England, property of authors by an international copyright law, that property will be plundered on both sides of the Atlantic; for, though temperary justice may now and then be afforded, there can be no permanent security in the ingenious expedients by which the advantages of International Copyright are some times sought. Either we have such a law, or we have not; and if we have not, then such rights of authors as such a law would protect remain unprotected. In this particular case a citizen of France has sold to a citizen of the United States a piece of literary property. Other citizens of the United States may have a perfect legal right to seize and use it; but when we say that they have no equitable right to do so, we venture to think that we utter the opinion of all honest, fair-minded men.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

THE TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE. A LARGE ATTENDANCE AT THE RELIGIOUS SERVICE ON SUNDAY-TROUT FISHING-MR. BEECHER'S

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.] TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE, CARROLL, N. H. Aug. 16.—Early this morning the last of the Plymouth Church party, who came to the White Mountains for the special purpose of accompanying Mr. Beecher, took their departure. Wallace E. White and Jacob B. Murray, with their families; took the 8 a.m. train for home by the way of Saratoga, having protracted their visit beyond their original purpose in order to spend one more Sunday with Mr. Beecher. Yesterday the house and grounds seemed to be taken by storm, adequate preparations having been made vast multitude which came in on all directions within the space of about an hour, Twelve cars came from Portland, and two additional cars were attached at North Conway. Two trains also came over the Boston, Concord and Mentreal Ruilroad from the West. Every horse that could be procured within a radius of 15 miles was brought into requisit All the stables of the hotel and of neighboring farms were alled, and there were long lines of teams hitched

to fence-posts far up and down the read. The most remarkable thing about the service was the perfect solemnity and decorum which prevailed every where—both within the house and all around it. My own observation and that of others confirmed the statement made by Mr. Beecher in reference to previous gatherings. and in reply to those who objected to these mountain services on the ground that they encouraged Sabbathdiservations at the other ends of the line, my observayoung, the frivolous, and the gay who come here for the sake of a Sunday excursion, but sober-minded people who come reverently to worship God. If they disturb the villages afar off, they certainly do not disturb us here." I neither saw nor heard any thing which would have been considered indecorous a an overcrowded New-England church. It was not known certainly until Saturday that there would be excur sion trains, and absolutely no preparation had been made to receive visitors. Saturday evening it was proposed to Mr. Beecher that he should stand on the piazza and preach to the people on the grounds in front; but, as the piazza is exposed to the sun during the hours of service it was thought best not to make any change. If there had been any suitable grove in the vicinity he would have used that, but there is none. The parlor windows were thrown wide open, and a very large number stood or sat outside and heard the sermon. The platform stood directly in the parlor doorway, and Mr. Reecher's voice rang distinctly through the broad and long hallway, which was densely packed with people Yet inside and outside every voice was bushed except the preacher's, and the silence was as complete as in cathedral. It was evident, however, that not all who were present came for love or admiration of Mr. Beccher, A study of the congregation showed some severely crit-A study of the congregation showed some severely critical faces. One energetic looking old lady sat directly facing the preacher, studying his countenance as well as his words carefully, and giving a look of dissent or a palpable ener to many of his arguments; but when Mr. Beccher speke of the religious termegant, and imitated admirably the countenance of the consorious Christian who was ever denouncing loyousness, and ever on the watch for faults, the old lady was forced to smite, and really scemed to enjoy the rest of the sermon. The promised tent will be here next Sunday, and the scene will be greatly changed. There will be additional excursion trains, however, and it is very doubtful if more than half who come will be able to hear the sermon. Nothing short of the arrange across they have for public services at a camp-meeting will meet the demands of the occasion.

The weather to-day has been charming, though you what hot in the sun. It was the purpose of Mr. Beecher to go up Mount Washington this afternoon and pass the night, but the indications of a cloudy morning to-morrow revented him. At morning prayers the absence of familiar faces was noticeable, and Mr. Beecher seemed t

familiar faces was noticeable, and Mr. Beecher seemed to feel it.

After the close of the exercises, he remained the center of a little group emasted in conversation. In the course of this conversation, Mr. Beecher related a personal adventure, which haight well have served as an illustration of his remarks the other day on ancer. He said that "once upon a time" a clergy tan a visited bita, and insuited him and his wife in his own parlor. In an instant he (Sir Beacher) arose, grasped the clergy toan by the back of the neck, shoved him to the front door, and kicked him out of it. The man's face, as he anexpectedly found himself in r. Beecher's grasp, and his look of terror as he was about being pitched down the front steps, were so hedicrons that, as Mr. Beecher returned to the parlor, his angar vanished, and the whole affair secured so ladicrous that he "roiled upon the floor like jelly, and haughed till he almost ried."

"But come," said Mr. Beecher, jumping up; "here we are wasting the morning hours in idle conversation, when croquet is the chief object of life—th vacation."

And those who delight in the game, notwithstanding a scorching sun, adjourned to the croquet field. Mr. Beecher is also a good bowler, as he proved conclusively in the ten-pin alley on Saturday, when he led acvered parties with whom he played.

On Saturday alght there were an unusual number of young men at the hotel—a happy event for the young indice, most of whom have to depend upon each other namily for partners in the dance. The trare occasion was relebrated by a "German," which was danced by 16 couples.

Trout fishing has been all the rage this afternoon.

couples.

Trout fishing has been all the rage this afternoon.

Heretofore Wm. C. Beecher and E. J. Ovington, ir., have
been the champion fishermen of the validy, and few have
cared to compete with such successful anglers. They
have now gone home, and to day little Arthur White, who
is here with his mother—Mrs. S. V. White of Brooklyn—
have rade note, line and hook, and with a grasshopper is here with his mother-Mrs. S. V. White of Brooklyntook a rude pole, line and hook, and with a grasshopper
for a bait, pulled a trout over a foot long out of the
Ammonoosuc, just in front of the house. It was the
biggest lish of the season; and very soon there was at
active demand for fishing tackle, and men were seen
rushing wildly toward the river and the mountain
atreams, with their pantaloons stuck into their boots and
with roda hanging over their shoulders. I haven't heard
though of any more trout being brought into the house.

Among the arrivals at the Twin Meuntain House to-day
are: Dr. Bradford and wife, Gen. S. J. Hunt, Miss. E. If.
Earle and J. S. Kane of New-York, Owen E. Houghton of
Brooklyn, A. Q. Ganetsin of Jersey City, and Mrs. Win
Myers and daughter of Washington.

THE AMERICAN CHINAMAN.

THE CHINESE ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE. THINESE IDOLS IN SAN PRANCISCO-HORRORS OF THE OPIUM DENS-DESCRIPTION OF OPIUM SMOK-ING-THE HOME OF THE LEPER.

FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 7.-Col. Anderson's

esition gives him unusual advantages in the way of obaining and imparting information regarding the Chinese, and although his experiences, related in a previous letter, have little to do with my subject, I cannot see how I could well introduce him without telling something-the smaller part, believe me-of his history. It was with him that I made the circuit of Chinatown a few nights ago, and to him I am indebted for much information not within the reach of the ordinary observer. The first place we went to was the Chinese Theater The prominent feature of my recollection of this night's performance at the theater is that the "Heathen Chines" at the box office gave me in change for a twenty-dollar gold piece two five-dollar pieces, a two-cent copper piece, and a number of silver coins. I received the twocent piece for a five-dollar gold piece. I did not notice the trick until I got back to the hotel. Anderson says it is a common thing for Chinamen to "play" Eastern people in that way, and that I ought to have discovered the imposition at the time, a fact I am ready to admit. I need not describe the theater or the play. It has been done again and again. There was the same monotonous pounding of kettles and blocks of wood; the same indeeribable gabbling by the actors, which nobody understands; the same tumbling and acrobatic feats; the same foul odors, and the same weird performances which have

been described many times. CHINESE IDOLS. From the theater we went to the principal church or ess-house, a very large building devoted not alone to worship, but to almost every pursuit. A cook-house, a hospital, a money-changing counter, and a provision shop occupied various portions of it. I should not attempt to describe what I saw in this joss-house but for the fact that there has not been, thus far, any adequate idea given in the newspapers of the objects and purposes of the several figures in the temple and the beliefs of the Chinese and their religious practices. In the third story of a dungy building is this house of worship. Up three flights of stairs, rickety, worn, and uneven, and through dark passages full of sickening odors, I reached a dismal dreary, mysterious, and silent worship-house of this mysterious and superstitious people. Here and there in the temple a dim taper burned, but there were no light in the halls, stairs, and passages, and the flickering flames only added to the oppressive and, if I may so call it, ghostly feeling that overtook me. Everything about the pace was decidedly spooky. The night itself was dark. The busy city, tull of flaming jets of gas, surrounded us, and all around everywhere, except in this house of idols, there were light and life.

The first figure to be seen is at the head of the last flight of stairs, and is called the Guardian of the Temple, or the Goodman. He has a laughing countenance, and is attired in a light robe and head covering. Every worshiper entering the temple places the ends of his fingers together, and with his hands before his breast propitiates this idel by bowing three times and mumbling a prayer at the same time. Each figure, or group of figures, is covered by a rich canopy of silk in a frame or box of carved wood, in some cases richly ornamented with gold and silver. Passing from the Guardian of the Temple to mother part of the temple, we reached the "Trinity"-Fire, Air and Water. The first-named has a very red face, long black whiskers and a very determined look. The figures in no case resemble the Mongolians. The faces and other parts of the body visible are made of wood or papier mache, and are never as dark as the com-plexions of the Chinese. Most of the figures have long whiskers. An emperor of China, before the Christian era, decreed that there should be no whiskers worn in the empire, and this decree is followed to the present day as a religious duty. Occasionally an old Chinaman is seen with whiskers, but he is a renegade not in good favor. Princes, governors, and kings were allowed to wear wirkers, and the idols, being superior sings like the princes, etc., are furnished with a bountiful supply. The actors on the stage also generally wear whiskers because they represent the higher classes. The mandarin language is wholly used on the Chinese stage, and four-fifths of the native andience understand as lit-tle of it as the English-speaking visitor. The Air and Water of the Trinity greatly resemble pictures of the Savior. The worshiper, male or female, propitiates each of these figures, the object being to ward off destruction or injury by the three elements. The worshipers then, if sick, lame, halt, or blind, go to the figure of Esculapius, the great medicine man. He sits under a canopy like the others, on a sort of t rone with a counter before him. He has rather a pleasing count nance, and is richly attired. In his hand he holds a pill, big enough for an or to swallow. The same propitating ceremony is gone through before this idel, which is the last one visited. They have no use for anything while they are sick. The next figure we visited was the Goddess of Commerce This is worshiped by those who have goods on the seas r friends among sailors or passengers, who have cargoes either on the seas or about to be shipped, or those who have any connection with trade or commetce. Under the same canopy, and on the same throne, is the Goddess of

women may be seen before this figure.

HISTORY CARVED IN WOOD. We next passed to a larger apartment than any we had visited. This contained the history of China, in a case very elaborate and expensive. There were a great many figures carved out of wood and gilded. These represented-the figures being about six inches high-all the exalted characters of history, kings, emperors, princes, and princesses, down to a late period. greatly prized by the Chinese, and is said to have cost a large sum of money. In each figure is attempted to be portrayed something to pical of the act or deed for which the original is commemorated. We next visited the "God of Wars," a portentous little fellow, with a red face and a majestic manner. This is intended to represent the Belkmap of the Chinese religion. True, the figure is not more than two feet high, but its attitude gives the impression that it thinks itself as big as anybody. It is dressed in armor, and all around is the rious panoply of war. In one hand the god carries a baton or sword, typical of his power, one of the superstitions of the people being that when he draws his sword a thousand people fall. In case of any war or trouble, the people propitiate Mars and beg to be protected. The next idol vi ited was the Ground Devil," who is a very important personage His occupation, according to the Chinese, is to harass and disturb the dead. In order to prevent this the friends of the deceased have to propitiate him. The chief mourning fabric of the Chinese is white. When a member of a family or a particular friend dies, mourners and priests are hired, according to the standing of the de-ceased. On the anniversary of the death of a friend the survivors burn punk on the curbstones near his residence and theirs, and they also burn the holy wafer instead of eating it. When a death occurs, and on the anniversary of every death, the Ground Devil is supposed to be very much pleased, and he is only prevented from making the sleep of the dead uncomfortable by acts of generosity by surviving friends; so at such periods large quantities of rice, bread, liquor, etc., are placed on this idol's throne and strewn about the streets. If they are accepted, the dead will sleep until the next anniversary. This god has a penitent air, as though he had done something he was sorry for. He is dressed in a flowing robe, with a band of white about his head, a staff in his hand, and bandages of white about his wrists and waist. A canopy near that of the figure just described contains the goddess of the lotus. She sits in a full-blown lily or lotus, has a fair white face, and is a very agreeable looking figure. She is worshiped by those who love flowers.

A VORACIOUS IDOL. In the next canopy are two figures-the "Inspiration

God" and the "God of the Tigers." The former holds a scepter and divides the honors with the God of Wars. Both have to be propitiated in time of war. The "God of the Tigers" is worshiped more in China than here. In early days a bloodthirsty eiger came from the jungles nd ate all the children, and frequently men and women The "Tiger Man," now cononized, velunteered to go to he jungles and slay the tiger. He was last seen on a tiger's back, and the belief is that he slew all the tigers. To the right of this idel, and beside him in the same can opy, stands a mangy-looking effigy of a tiger, about a foot high, with a big head and an open mouth. It is the nost miserable and counterfeit presentment I ever beheld, and the foolish superstition of the Chinese nowhere appears so ridiculous as here. In front of this figure of a tiger, and all around it, were strips of pork, boiled eggs, mutton chops, nuts, &c., which are placed there to appease the hunger of the beast and prevent his enting the women and children. It is the belief of those who place these things there that when the tiger gets hungry he ents the provisions instead of the children. But Anderson, being somewhat incredulous, thinks the rats are more feroclous than the tiger, and that they run off with the offerings.

I have spoken of all the gods, and on inquiry as to how

they came here, who owns them, etc., I learned that they were brought here by Ah Took on speculation, and that thousands of dollars are made through them each year

out of the ignorant and superstitious people. Twice a year the Chinese have feasts, when they dress the Joss house in gay attire. Big paper giants are hung about the building, and tinsel and various decorations relieve much of the dingy appearance. The ignorant on such occasions go to the temple with their money and buy bits of paper from the priests, paying from 5 cents to \$20. These bits of paper are burned in an urn, and the deluded heathen think the ashes go to the gods they worship, who are pleased to receive the money. The money, however, probably goes to buy coolies and prostitutes. I learned that from \$15,000 to \$20,000 are paid by the lower classes in this way every year.

CHINESE OPIUM DENS.

By the time we had gone through the Joss-house the

evening was well nigh spent. It was proposed that we should next go into the opium dens. It was probably 10 o'clock, or perhaps half an hour later. Anderson said they would be in full blast. The first we went to was near the theater on Dupont-st., I think. It was a place to be remembered. It was a room about six feet by ten, the ceiling being not more than six or seven feet from the floor. There was not a window in the room, and the entrance was through a narrow door, down a short flight of rotten stairs. The room itself was foul to a degree I could hardly imagine possible. The floor was damp and slippery. The ceiling and walls were covered with a silmy mold. The only lights were from disgusting oil cups, with wicks floating in them. The proprietor of the place seemed to be his own best customer. He lay on a lower bunk, with his head propped up with a pillow reek-" I have ing in filth and swarming with vermin. prought," said Anderson, addressing him, "some Eastern gentlemen to see you." A Chinaman is naturally hospitable and polite, and although that we went into the worst places that human beings ever inhabited, there was not a surly word or an annoyed expression from their occupanta. The keeper of the opium den was half gone with the delicious intexication. His eyes were sunken and half closed, but they indicated a feeling of suprema. bilss. His mouth was open, disclosing his yellow, opium-stained teeth, but there was a look of happiness even there. His cheeks were sallow and sunken, and I could not help thinking that on them was the same mold that covered the floor and the ceiling. It was evident that his ears took in the words of Anderson, and there is no doubt his brain comprehended them, but such was his supreme happiness that I doubt if he would have changed places with the most favored on earth or in heaven. He tried to greet us, but it was a droll effort. It was a struggle between his hospitality and his dreams. Ordinarily he would have arisen and offered us a pipe. If we had been committee to tender him the Empire of China, I doubt if he would have broken the spell which bound him, although he could have done so with an effort of will. He made, however, a feeble effort to wave his hand, to open his eyes and to smile. The hand and eye expressed little hospitality, whatever their owner may have meant, and his smile was simply ghastly. About him, on his dirty ouch, were several little white jars of opium, holding about three thimblesful, and several opium pipes; there were also two or three lamps, unlighted. These were for customers as they came in. There were probably nine bunks, placed one above another on three sides of the room, and each one was occupied by Chinamen more or ess under the influence of opium. Two or three were doubtless insensible, for their lamps had been removed and their pipes had fallen from their lips. "They'll have a head on them in the morning," said Mr. Anderson, by which remark I understood that they would have a fullness about the head, or a dull, aching feeling. The others were, some of them, in the condition of the proprietor, and some had just begun to smoke. These were particularly polite. One of them offered me his pipe, which I

took HOW OPIUM IS SMOKED. The pipe in which the Chinese smoke opium has a stem probably two feet long, made of cane such as certain dshing rods are made of; about 20 inches from the mouthpiece, which is an inch in diameter, is the bowl. This appears to be made of boxwood, and is not unlike a small low coffee cup, large at the top and small at the bottom, with a tight cover fitting in it. In the center of this cover is a small hole. The opium is not put in the pipe, as might be supposed, but in a little wad on the top of the cover over the hole. The smoker takes a long needle and on the end of it gathers from the little jars a piece of opium the size of a beau. This he holds over the lamp, and thus melts and burns it until it is of the proper consistency. Then he places it over the hole in the cover of the pipe, and with his needle punches a hole through it, which joins the hole in the cover. Then he lights it and smokes away. When it is gone he repeats the process. I smoked one pipeful of opium, but the fames and poisons of the place had made me insensible to other influences, and I could not understand where the fascination was. The smoke of the opium in this den hung like a threatening shadow over our heads and all about us. The atmosphere was stimulating if it was not intoxicating, and withal it was not unpleasing. Other senses rebelled at the situation. The beds, one above another, with scarcely two feet between them, were dirty beyond description. The Chinamen occupying them, with one exception, a obacco dealer who had just begun to indulge in the dissipation, were nearly as dirty as the beds they occupied. Only one or two took the slightest notice of us. The others smoked away as though they had only a moment between the present life and eternity. We stayed in this dennearly half an hour observing the different smokers, and I could not help contrasting the happiness they felt that night with the misery that would overtake them in the morning. They doubtless bear the depression of spirits and the pains during the day in the hope, indeed the certainty, of the

loys that await them at night.

The other opium dens we visited, half a dozen in number, were all more wretched than the first. We saw places not eight feet square where there were twenty people, lying one above another, two or three in a bunk,

and in pairs on the floor.

From the opium dens we went into the most wretched of the Chinese quarters. Anderson began with the least repulsive, and at last, when we entered the den of the leper, whose whole body was a black and festering sore, whose face was covered with black spots, his lips, nose, and eyes eaten out, I became sick, and was glad enough to let the Chinese quarter take care of itself.

THE FINANCIAL ISSUE INEVITABLE.

THE FINANCIAL ISSUE INEVITABLE.

From The Nation (Ind.)

The Republican party has remained down to this moment without any definite policy on the currency question, and those who speak for it officially have always spoken about the public debt in an nucertain way. That the Democrats, on the other hand, have no really sound floancial traditions, and have never received any sound or thorough financial instruction, is equally certain. * * The way to get out of the scrape is to drop the policy of subterfuge and evasion and tell the honest truth and stick to it, or, in other words, "trust the people," as Mr. Boutwell would say. No amount of lying and quibbling will ever get us back to specie payment, nor will the supply of murders at the South last long enough to save the party from taking some solid ground on this question. All the negroes might be slaughtered without solving or helping to solve the problem. There is one thing, too, very certain, and that is, that the Presidential campaign cannot be carried on next year on the Southern issue. It will nevitably be conducted, largely on the financial issue; whether it result in the trumph of the policy of inflation or of the policy of evasion, the effect on business will be equally disastrons. The country has gone as far as it can go on the Equalbican plan of dedging and postponing. We have very distinctly reached a crisis, at which we must select one of two plain courses. A decision in favor of inflation, or of inflation curses, hood or reservation, would launch the country on another magnificent run of prosperity; a decision in favor of inflation, or of inflation that will be the same thing as contraction, or contraction that will be the same thing as inflation, will certainly bring about one of the movernment by the inflation has ever either gone into bankraptey or stiempted wholesale issues of irredeemable paper in time of profound peace. The secure of the floyernment by the inflationists would in fact mean, and be taken to nean, that, for the first time since th

ABANDONMENT OF THE PENIKESE ISLAND SCHOOL.

From The Eoston Journal, Aug. 16.

The Anderson School of Natural History, located on Penikese Island, one of the Elizabeth group of 16 in Buzzard's Bay, which was founded at the expense of so much exertion, money and anxiety on the part of the late Prof. Louis Agassiz and others, appears of the late Prof. Louis Agassiz and others, appears of the kind is able to stand. It was the intention of the kind is able to stand. It was the intention of the kind is able to stand. It was the intention of the kind is able to stand. It was the intention of the kind is able to stand. It was the intention of the kind is able to stand. It was the intention of the kind is able to stand and New-Bedford daily, thus reducing the price of supplies at the island and greatly augmenting the attractiveness of the place. The death of the projector, however, was a death blow to the prospects of the institution, which indeed, has ceased to be an institution at all. The existing trustees of the remains of the school, Alex. E. R. Agassiz, Martin Brimmer, Theodore Lyman. Gen. John A. Dix of New-York, L. Theodore Lyman. Gen. John A. Dix of New-York, L. Theodore Lyman. Gen. John A. Dix of New-York, L. Theodore Lyman. Gen. John A. Dix of New-York, L. Theodore Lyman. Gen. John A. Dix of New-York, L. and mach dissatisfaction is said to have resulted from a clear statement of facts by the treasurer. However this may be, it appears that definite action has been taken upon the matter, and that all movable property connected with the concern is to be turned into each under the hammer of a Boston auctioneer for the benefit of creditors. An inventory has been taken for this purpose, and the property will be transported to this city by water and offered for sale within a fortnight. A small portion of the ghool paraphernalis, such as would not pay for moving, has been given to the school at Wood's Hole. The Iriends of the undertaking hope at some not distant time of the school paraphernalls, such as would not moving, has been seven to the school at Wood's I friends of the undertaking hope at some not dis to make a new effort in the same direction, w

THE SPAS OF VIRGINIA.

A PROSPEROUS SEASON AT RAWLEY.

ACCESSIBILITY OF SUMMER RESORTS IN THE VIR-GINIAS-TWO AVENUES NOW OPEN-THE ROUTE TO RAWLEY-SCENERY AND HISTORIC SITES IN THE SHENANDOAR VALLEY-A RESTFUL PLACE WITH HEALTHFUL WATER -HOW THE VISITORS WHILE AWAY THE TIME. [FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

RAWLEY SPRINGS, Rockingham County, Va. ug. 14.-Two great avenues from Northern cities to the springs of Virginia and West Virginia are now open-the one from Baltimore by a branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to Staunton, and the other by the Virginia Midland and Great Southern Railroad and Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad from Washington to White Sulphur The result of this is that Baltimoreans, Philadelphians New-Yorkers, and even Bostonians, are coming hither, as never before, to take the places of the many old-time visitors from the South whose present poverty either keeps them at home or compele them to seek a Summer life even cheaper than them Springs afford. There are many reasons why Northern people who have once tried the experiment should come again and again. The journey is by no means long of tedions, and the fare for the round trip is reasonable One may leave New-York at 3 o'clock this afternoon, and be at the Rawley, Jordan White Sulphur, Capon, or Ork ney in time for a bath before an early supper to-morrow evening. These places are reached by the Baltimore and Ohio Raliroad and a few miles of staging. Little more time is required in getting from New-York to either of the several Springs on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. The Greenbrier White Sulphur is further away than any other, and it may be reached in 27 hours, and with only one change of cars. Accountility established, I may be asked what are the attractions here offered. The answer in a sentence: Curative waters equal to any in the world, wholesome food in great variety, the purest of mountain air (every breath an inspiration of health), refined society without unnecessary restrictions of fashionable life, hunting and fishing, forest rambles, and opportunities for absolute rest of body and mind under most favorable conditions for recuperation. Rawley Springs from which I write has all these items on its bill of fare; a fact to which every one of the 600 visitors now here will cheerfully make affidavit. THE VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH.

toric and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. This river -the Indians called it the Daughter of the Stars-is seen in all its beauty at Harper's Ferry, where it breaks through the mountains to unite with the Potomes on its way to the Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean. Much against its will John Brown wrote the name of this picturesque old town indelibly in the history of the United States. While the cars stop for the transfer of passengers and baggage to westward trains we are within a few yards of the engine-house in which Brown and his little band of Abolitionists were besieged by Col. Robert E. Lee and a company of marines. Thomas Jefferson said a view of the scenery at Harper's Ferry was worth a voyage across the Atlantic. In truth it is grand; but all its fine points cannot be noted from the platform of a railroad car. Not far from "the Ferry" is Charlestown—scene of the excention of John Brown. The court-house in which he was tried and the jail in which he was confined are visible from the railway station. Passing one of the finest church roins in America, we soon cross the line dividing West Virginia from Virginia—a line the very assistance of which is denied by Virginians of the old school. At Stevenson we are within a nule and a half of the Jordan White Sulphur Springs; not the White Sulphur, but a pleasant Summer resort of modest claims. Capoa Springs, a little further up the Vailey, is a place of the same grade. The Jordan and Capon draw their patronage mainly from neighboring towns, but have victors also from Baltimore, Washington, and other cities. Drawing night to Winchester, we whirt over the scenes of many a skirmish in the late civil war. Winchester itself was more fought over in those days than almost any other town in Virginia; it was bandled about between the contending armics until no one was rash enough to say which had possession of it on any given day. Every street and alley felt the tramp of troops in charge or chase, and echoed the rattle of maketry. Here rode Sheridan; here prowled Mosby. Winchester stood rough usage pretty well, however, and te-day it is one of the neatest and thriftiest of Southern inland towns. For a long time it was the terminus of the Vailey Railroad, but now trains stop only long enough to allow the passenger to walk out on the platform and buy an apple from an importunate negro, who would else drag him off the car by his coastails. Off agam, we pass almost over the field of the important battle of Kernstown, skirt that of Cedar Creek, catch a glimpse of the grass-grown entrenchments at fluor course lies in another direction. Rudo's Hill in pointed out as the scene of several skirmishes. This heart of Mosby's Confederacy to Manassas and beyond. But in this region every hander the status of a dozea years ago. But in this region every not be noted from the platform of a railroad car. Not far from "the Ferry" is Charlestown-scene of the ex-But in this region every hamlet has its story of the war; I must stop cammeration before this letter becomes either a catalogue or a history. Harrisonburg, in Reckingham County, is at length reached and without fadgue. It is a wide-awake, analytious town with a fair record and promise of a prosperous future. Here, after a good dis-ner at the Spotswood intel, which is conducted in connec-tion with the Spotings, we take a coach—or better still a buggy—for Rawley.

by pleasant company and picturesque scenery. On the first spur of the mountains, in a secluded spot, are the buildings and grounds known as the Rawley Springs. The devices road brings us to the spot unexpect With hardly a moment's warning, except the sight of per-

The devious road brings us so the spot unexpectedly. With hardly a moment's warning, except the sight of persons on the way to the river for a bath, you are confronted by a cluster of houses—almost a village—and a throng of people. The strangers are greeted by the music of a brass band, stationed on the lawa; as we slighted, Major Latck; the jolly landlord of old times, "shakes hands all around," and bels us welcome as if to his own treside. How different this greeting from that of the high and mighty hotel clerks of many of our Northern watering places. After such a reception we can stand with moderate composure the searching gaze and chaffing remarks of the bevy of young people gathered on the plazza, "to see who has come." Hore, as at nearly all summer resorts, the belies are more numerous than the beaux, and the sight of a passably good-looking young man awakens, in the unids of the former, hopes of a valuable refehrorement in the ball-room and on the promenades. Still, a man must not presume on the searcity of the specimens of his sex. The beauties of Kentucky, Maryland and Virguid are stellers for certain kinds of eliquetic, and before one becomes more than a dancing acquaintance he must be ready with those anwritten credentials of respectability and reference than a dancing acquaintance he must be ready with those anwritten credentials of respectability and reference than a dancing acquaintance he must be ready with those anwritten credentials of respectability and reference than a dancing control of the three principal springs, although strongly clalybeate, is very palatable, and almost odorless, so that driking it is not a penance. As a toole and general invigorator of the system it is unsurpassed. Although savort-out constitution. Everybody on the grounds tells of an increase of flesh resolved which it builds up a wort-out constitution. Everybody on the grounds tells of an increase of flesh resolved which it builds up a wort-out constitution. Everybody on the grounds the wort of the wind and the propr

Shortly after the dinner bell rang, he came

Shortly after the dinner bell rang, he came up the walk, laid down upon the steps, and put his bead in at the dining-room door:

"Mize—, mother says won't you please to give her a good plate full of your nice soup for dinner, and lend me your little tin bucket to fetch it home in, and sho's not feelin' powerful well any how to-day."

"But will you please go back and ask your maif she wants her soup highly seasoned, and crackers broken up in it, and celery salt shook in, and asliver spoon with her full name engraved on it thrown in!" replied the lady of the house.

"Bud" left in double-quick time, and soon he was back in position:

in position:
"Mizz—, mother says she believes, as it taint much trouble to you, she just as lief as not!"
The old indy get the soup in the tin bucket unseasoned with further sarrasin.